

7

The C U B,

A S A T I R E.

[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]

The C U B

A S A T I R E



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THE
C O M M U N I T Y
A S A T I R E.

DEDICATED TO

L O R D H O L L A N D.

Scribimus indocti, doctique Poemata passim.

HORACE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for G. ALLEN, Bookseller and Publisher, No. 59, Pater-noster-Row,

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIX-PENCE.]

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
ASTORIA
ERRATUM

Page 6, line the 9th, for *a veil*, read *avall*.



L O N D O N
Printed for G. ALLEN, Bookseller and Publisher, No. 20, Paternoster-Row,
[Price One Guinea and Six Pence]

DEDICATION.

TO LORD HOLLAND,

My Lord,

PERMIT me to dedicate the following sheets to you ;—I rely upon your known condescension and amiable disposition to excuse this intrusion of a person, who never had even the honour of seeing your Lordship—yet your many eminent virtues are sufficiently known and admired by every one, amongst which your contempt of the loaves and fishes shines

“ Velut inter Ignes

“ Luna minores.”

I must confess it is not very common for dedicators to tell their patrons of their Failings, but I am confident

fident that your Lordship's candour will plead in my
 favour, when I remind you of one "Giant Fault,"
 which, tho' arising, perhaps, from the tenderness
 of your disposition, has been productive of much mis-
 chief, and is likely to be the cause of much more.
 I mean, my Lord, your having neglected, in due
 time, to apply the rod of correction to the hero of
 this piece whose actions disgrace him and his family,
 and in a particular manner upbraid your Lordship.
 Perhaps, I may blame your Lordship unjustly, for
 some people are born with such a wicked disposition
 that not the most virtuous education can alter. In-
 deed his vices are so rooted in him that I should deem
 them hereditary, was not your Lordship an eminent
 exception. Tho' I have had the assurance to publish
 the following lines without being "obliged by
 hunger or request of friends," yet I am sensible of
 their many imperfections, and how inadequate they
 are to the purpose of effecting the least reformation
 in a genius who is allowed to be incorrigible.

I have

I have no apology to make but my zeal for the liberty of the press, which, perhaps, has hurried me, like many others upon similar occasions, to disgrace the cause I meant to defend.

As this is my first offence, if the Reviewers will be so obliging as to give me a proper flagellation, I hope I shall have the grace, at least to cry out

“ Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.”

I have the honour to be,

My Lord

Your Lordship's

Most obedient

And most humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

(11)

I have no apology to make but may say for the H-
duty of the piece, which perhaps has hurried me,
like many others upon similar occasions, to excuse
the error I meant to demand.

As this is my first offence, if the Reviewers will
be so obliging as to give me a proper reprimand, I
hope I shall have the grace, at least to cry out.

As I feel the burden, let not their burden

I have the honour to be

My friend

Your friendship

Most obedient

And most humble servant

THE AUTHOR

T H T

The C U B,

A S A T I R E.

THE Man of independent mind,
 By place and pension unconfin'd,
 Who does a people's rights protect,
 Acting as honour shall direct;
 Their manners and their laws amend,
 Protector, father, and a friend;
 Who

Who watches, with a jealous eye,
The hirelings of a ministry.

(A ministry, who to a fous,
Knows all their prices in the house,
Who in the accurs'd traffic deal,
And put their country up to sale.)
The man to public int'rest true,
Who dares stern Virtue's path pursue,
Such as with pleasure we survey,
The honest Saville of our day ;
Shall here the generous tribute find,
The praise and blessing of mankind.

For him the statue is decreed,
When Heav'n shall crown th' illustrious deed
Of public Virtue—Sawbridge hail !
Who dost in Freedom's cause prevail,
Who still pursu'ft the glorious plan,
That honours and adorns the man.

Such men, (alas, there are but few).
The present times with transport view,

Ages

Ages to come shall pleas'd behold
 Their names amongst the good enroll'd;
 Whilst thou, O ****, shalt ever be,
 The sport of shame and infamy.
 Mark'd for thy base ungenerous mind,
 A pestilence to human kind.
 What though thy skill Newmarket boast,
 Though prostitutes thy name may toast;
 Though dissipation fix upon
 Thee, as her best beloved son;
 Though sharpeners thee a brother hail
 Whilst simple honesty turns pale,
 And blushing decency withdraws,
 And leaves thee to thy mob's applause,
 Plung'd in the lewd amours of stews;
 Beneath the notice of the Muse.
 Still, since a ~~small~~ borough sent
 A slave, like thee, to Parliament;
 Satire, her honest pen shall draw,
 To keep such daring tools in awe.

O!

O! could her pow'riful pen reveal
 The ardent passion that I feel,
 I'd make the mounting blood to seek,
 For once, thy never-blushing cheek;
 Bare thy foul wounds, whilst at the view,
 Sweet peace must bid thy breast adieu,
 And conscience must allow no rest,
 But prey eternal on thy breast.

Thou Cub, who dost in vice aspire,
 To rank with thy detested fire;
 Whose former deeds most loudly call
 For the united curse of all.
 Thou profligate, whose erring soul
 Ne'er stoop'd to Virtue's mild controul,
 Who led by folly, and by sin,
 Ne'er felt th' approving voice within;
 Whose trophies of ambition rest,
 On what the wise and good detest.
 Say, can correction's rigid hand,
 Can the damnation of the land

Not

Not stop thy vile career?—Dost-thou
 See vengeance with her threat'ning brow,
 Yet still unmov'd, uncheck'd remain
 By fear, though honour pleads in vain?

But soft!—Offended Heav'n demands
 A due atonement—see the hands
 Of the fell murderer imbru'd,
 In yet unexpiated blood.
 See the vile wretch, whom nature spurns,
 Who with the fire of Sodom burns,
 Unpunish'd do the deed—Did we
 Look on the horrid infamy
 Of human Nature, and remain
 Untouch'd, uninjur'd, by the pain?
 Or was it cowardice controul'd,
 Feelings, that made the blood run cold,
 And made us tame and passive be
 To that most infamous decree?
 “Mercy a train of virtue's leads,”
 Curse on the man, who mercy pleads,

C

For

For wretches, such as these—whose crimes
 Shall stamp disgrace upon the times,
 Which saw, without resentment saw,
 A foul perversion of the law;
 Saw violated justice stand,
 With speaking eye and pleading hand,—
 When her fair course, by power withstood,
 Made the demand of blood for blood.
 Without a veil, whilst pray'rs prefer'd
 By a vile prostitute, were heard,
 And at our hands did grace obtain,
 When injur'd justice su'd in vain.
 For sins, like these, high Heav'n has sent
 A ***, to be our punishment,
 And to the crime, the judgment suit,
 Has mark'd him for another ****.
 The vilest loon, that ever came
 From Tweed's bleak side, unto the Thame,
 Greatest of all the curses, which
 Tweed sent us, though she sent the itch.

Sworn

Sworn foe, like him, does *** appear,
 To all that Englishmen hold dear ;
 To that prime source of ev'ry good,
 Which our forefathers with their blood
 Have earn'd—and their brave sons shall be
 True as their fires to liberty.
 Nor ever from her cause depart,
 Whilst blood shall warm a Briton's heart,
 Whilst Sydney's fate shall be deplor'd,
 And men, like Hampden, be ador'd ;
 So long, with courage, standing by,
 Shall Freedom's banners wave on high ;
 Where youth with bravery shall resort,
 And public virtue keep her court.

A press unlicens'd, un-restrain'd,—
 Which freedom's sacred cause maintain'd,
 In times of peril, and expell'd
 The Stewart race, and faction quell'd ;
 Dispell'd the gloom which Pop'ry shed,
 And gave us learning's light instead ;

Whilst

Whilst priestcraft saw her finish'd reign,
 And ignorance withdrew to Spain.
 A press unlicens'd—may we hold
 Its freedom dearer far than gold !
 O ! may we never loose the boon,
 By Heav'ns ! I'd loose my life as soon ;
 A ruin'd press would ruin all,
 And liberty herself must fall.
 Still may its powers be unconfi'd,
 And prove a blessing to mankind ;
 Still twine for virtue's brow the wreath,
 Whose honours flourish after death ;
 Still strike the villain with dismay,
 And bring him to the face of day ;
 Still stamp a G——n with disgrace,
 And brand with shame a H——d's face.
 What tho' the stream, that lucid flow'd,
 Thro' plains elysian, and bestow'd,
 When guided by a skilful hand,
 Wide-flowing plenty o'er the land :

Shou'd

Shou'd (when a HORNED BEAST applies
 For shelter from the stings of flies,
 Or from the scorching of the sun)
 With waters of pollution run,
 The swains who on the banks reside,
 With grief behold the muddy tide ;
 But say, ye few in wisdom read,
 Wou'd they stop up the fountain head ?

Tho' aided by the fire of lyes,
 Another parson H——e should rise,
 Who'd turn his black coat into red,
 And tales of defamation spread ;
 Lost to all decency and sense,
 Who'd aim the shaft at innocence ;
 From virtue's shield, th' envenom'd dart
 Recoils, and wounds the slanderer's heart.
 O Lucifer ! who at a venture,
 Into his very soul did'st enter,
 What time the bishop laid his paw
 Upon this limb of Levi's law ;

D

Who

Who bad't all good from him retire,
 (If we for once may trust a liar,
 And 'tis allow'd by honest men,
 If ever he spoke truth—'twas then)
 Take, take away thy darling son,
 Worthy of thee—and thee alone:
 Since *** does spurn the mass of evil,
 'Tis fit for no one but the Devil.
 Feelingly smarting for his crimes,
 Which satire lash'd at other times,
 Touch'd to the quick, tho' void of shame,
 *** full of wrath and malice came,
 And under the convenient shew
 Of love for decency and law,
 At freedom aim'd a deadly wound,
 Which wou'd have shook her tow'rs around,
 Shook the best prop that does sustain
 Her temple and her lov'd domain.
 Sawbridge, indu'd with active zeal,
 And anxious for the public weal,

Warm

Warm in defence of freedom, rose,
 The slaves black purpose to oppose.
 Truth taught the nervous speech to flow,
 And wisdom made conviction grow,
 Sense over sophistry prevail'd.
 And all the arts of malice fail'd.
 Like some rank coward of the night,
 Subdu'd by valour in the fight,
 Not generous enough to own
 The triumph by the hero won,
 Silent withdraws, e'en whilst his heart
 Broods o'er and rankles with the smart,
 And meditates th' assassins blow
 For his too honourable foe.
 So * * * retires, and from his cause
 Confounded, for a while withdraws;
 And like the worm that rest destroys,
 His thoughts upon revenge employs,
 Revenge upon the land which gave
 Life to the base unworthy slave,

And

And for a curse that may engage
 The torture of unglutted rage
 To prey upon him, may he still
 Be wanting pow'r, but not the will.
 Tho' thus turn'd out the public scorn,
 Some honours do the cub adorn.
 His talents are so great, they even
 Would dignify the elder S——n,
 And all men grant he is too wise
 Not his own actions to despise ;
 His wishes with his judgment dance,
 Continually at variance ;
 Tho' he from virtue's paths depart ;
 His head does still condemn his heart.
 Pity! those gifts by heaven design'd
 To be a blessing to mankind,
 Shou'd, by some strange peculiar whim,
 Prove an effectual curse to him.
 Deep, sly, and cunning, with a cheat,
 Honest with ministers of state,

A fit companion he for R----s
Who lately was expell'd the house.

(Lewes to thee, from heroes sprung,
Whom Merlin and Talieffin fung,
The praise is due, who badst the cause
Of freedom triumph, and the laws.)
Bold as the man who knows no evil,
Yet shuddering at a printer's devil,
Whom he esteems the greatest foe,
Heav'n sent to plague him here below,
And from the elf he dreads a lick,
More than the author from old Nick.

Give me a wh-re, he crys—'tis well—
And banish all these imps to Hell,
For ever let me keep my place,
Tho' like my father—with disgrace,
Let me beware to sally forth
In opposition to the *North*;

E

Me

Me let old Reynard still supply
 With thousands—got on how, or why
 Concerns me not—'tis all the same,
 They're his, from whence foe'er they came;
 In this world he has giv'n the text,
 He'll preach his sermon in the next.
 Thus, on a couch supinely laid,
 Tir'd with debauch, he lounging pray'd
 For the first time, for facts evince
 He never pray'd before or since.
 The clock struck Twelve—of night the noon,
 Thick clouds obscur'd the rolling moon,
 Sobriety was gone to bed,
 Darkness o'er all her mantle spread,
 Save London, that her pow'r defies,
 Where blazing lights unnumber'd rise,
 That thro' the gloom of night display
 The noon-tide splendor of the day.
 It was the time when spirits roam
 To seek the guilty villain's home;

Silence

Silence prevail'd, and in the hall
 No man or maid was heard to bawl ;
 The taper's light 'gan burning blue.
 The portal sudden open flew,
 When, unpropitious to his pray'r,
 A threat'ning printer's dev'l stood there,
 With haggard face he forward prest,
 In Chronicles and Ledgers drest,
 And on his head a cap he wore
 O'th' Evening Post the night before,
 And that he might appear the wiser,
 'Twas crown'd with th' Public Advertiser ;
 Around his neck, with comely tye,
 You might behold the British Spy,
 Whilst Baldwin's Journal, free from dirt,
 Glu'd to the Craftsman, made his shirt ;
 Unlike a Scotchman, he could boast
 A breeches made o'th' Morning Post,
 An advertisement for a w--re
 Made up a decent flap before ;

Upon

Upon his legs, for hose he drew
 A British Monitor span new,
 The upper covering of his shoes
 Was made of Owen's weekly news,
 And for each sole he had, I ween,
 A Sentimental Magazine,
 His shoes, with medals newly cast,
 Were ornamented and made fast ;
 With his left-hand, most solemnly,
 He wav'd a British Mercury,
 A proof-sheet did his right adorn,
 Teeming with lyes from Parson ———,
 His face, with ink and paste made grey,
 Was dread and hideous to survey ;
 His baleful eyes around he cast,
 That witness'd the enemy aghast,
 I'th' further corner of the room,
 Trembling and waiting for his doom,
 With hasty stride, fierce Belzebub
 Forward advanced to grasp the Cub,

Who

Who pale as death, began to shew
 The white of 's eyes unto the foe.
 Amaz'd, confounded, Satan stopp'd,
 And from his hand the proof-sheet dropp'd ;
 Fearing the consequence he run,
 Although he had the laurels won,
 (If laurels may be said to grow
 From such a coward-hearted foe)
 And skelt'ring through the passage feels
 A footman tripping up his heels,
 Another, with an oaken stick,
 Play'd hell with th' bones of master Nick,
 And to the damage of his crown,
 He knock'd the Advertiser down,
 The Craftsman and the Spy he tore,
 And spoil'd the Morning Post before,
 In which, an essay well design'd,
 By a Methodist, t'improve mankind,
 To as many pieces in a trice,
 Was torn, as he had torned vice,

F

And

And look'd as ragged and forlorn,
 As the whore of Babylon or H—ne,
 Something of mongrel rhyme and prose
 Happen'd to jingle in his hose,
 At which a blow the footman sped,
 Which broke his shins, and Priscians head.

So thick their weapons flew about,
 They put Belzebub to the rout;
 And had his fire himself been there,
 They would have serv'd him the same fare.

And as the man, who with pretence
 Of wounds falls down in's own defence,
 Soon as the trumpet, with delight,
 Proclaims an end to bloody fight,
 As well as he who bore the toil
 Of battle, looks about for spoil.
 So * * *, who lay half dead with fear,
 Soon as he guess'd the field was clear,

With

With courage look'd around, and mist
 His horrible antagonist ;
 And grateful to his wishes, found
 Belzebub's ensign on the ground ;
 Which did sufficiently declare
 His country, and his business there.

All hail, he cries—the roofs around,
 Th' acclamation, back resound.
 Soon as to-morrow's sun shall rise,
 And smile on * Jeremy the wife ;
 With tenfold weight, destruction shall
 Descend on every printer's stall.
 With blushes mild, the morning rose,
 And *** in haste put on his clothes.
 And sallied forth, resolv'd to make
 Ev'n Pater-noster-row to quake,
 Triumph was his awhile,—but lo ;
 Belzebub, his unlucky foe.

Riding upon the NORTH wind came,
 Once more to make our hero tame,
 Who, mindful of dishonours past,
 Directed furiously the blast,
 Which ruin'd all his hopes so fair,
 And wreck'd his castles in the air,
 And left him crush'd beneath the fall,
 Deserted, and despis'd by all.

Become the outcast of mankind,
 With sad remorse he look'd behind
 On th' services, which, "as a tool,
 Which knaves do work with, call'd a fool."
 He'd render'd those same men, who now
 Beheld him with an angry brow;
 And, whilst he look'd most fearful wan,
 In mournful accents thus began.

Ye powers! that rule the tricks of state,
 That govern every placeman's fate,

Did

Did I deserve your looks malign
 To blast this honour'd head of mine ?
 Was it for this my whole life long
 Was bent to do the people wrong ?
 Was it for this I brav'd the evils
 Of fighting twenty thousand devils* ?
 Have I, with perseverance known,
 But to my fire and me alone,
 Kept on in one unvaried rule,
 The constant butt of ridicule,
 To be at last by **** turn'd out
 To th' mercy of the rabble rout ?
 Better obscurity t' have priz'd,
 Than to be known and be despis'd ;
 Now former friends my shadow shun,
 D——n and T——d from me run,
 The hunted game of all the news,
 The rank scent they will never loose.

* Sir John Dalrymple, in his speech before the House of Lords against literary property, by a mode of calculation equally accurate and ingenious, has *proved* that there are 20,000 printers in London.

S—— a printer* has undone,
 When I, Lord * * second son,
 Brother to James and eke to Stephen,
 Cannot destroy one printer even.
 For me, alas ! there's no resource
 I the statesman's or the patriot's course ;
 Vain 'tis for me to seek renown,
 By aiming at a civic crown,
 " The change wou'd never be believ'd,
 A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.
 T—— himself whom all men scorn,
 Wou'd keep me out with hoof and horn,
 Or I with him the praise wou'd snack,
 And set up for a patriot quack,
 And so, perhaps, might mend my fate,
 By throwing off the load of state :
 Like him full famous for the p——k.
 Known by the name of Doctor R——k,
 Who weary of the burden vast,
 A chemist o'er his shoulders cast,

Which

* Miller,

Which he, in shape of what we call
A porter, trudg'd the town withall.
By power of impudence, unknown
To any face, except his own,
He took upon him the degree
And load, right worshipful M. D.

But these are all delusions vain,
Which my weak fancy entertain,
Ev'n now I feel th' insulted fate,
Which on discarded placemen wait.
No more, alas! the wh-res invite,
Or fam'd Newmarket's plains delight;
Places and pensions now retire,
Which v—l Senators admire,
I've lost my honour and my place,
And who, ye gods, deplores my case?

F I N I S.

Which he, in shape of what we call
A porter, trudge'd the town withal,
By power of impudence, unknown
To any face, except his own,
He took upon him the degree
And lead, right worshipful M. D.

But these are all delusions vain,
Which my weak fancy entertain,
Now now I feel the insulted fate,
Which on discarded placemen wait,
No more, alas! the wiles invite,
Or land's Newmarket's plains delight,
Places and pensions now I see,
Which v—l Senators admire,
I've lost my honour and my place,
And who, ye gods, deposes my case?

